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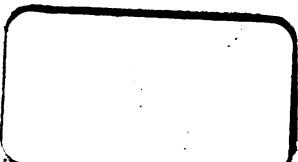
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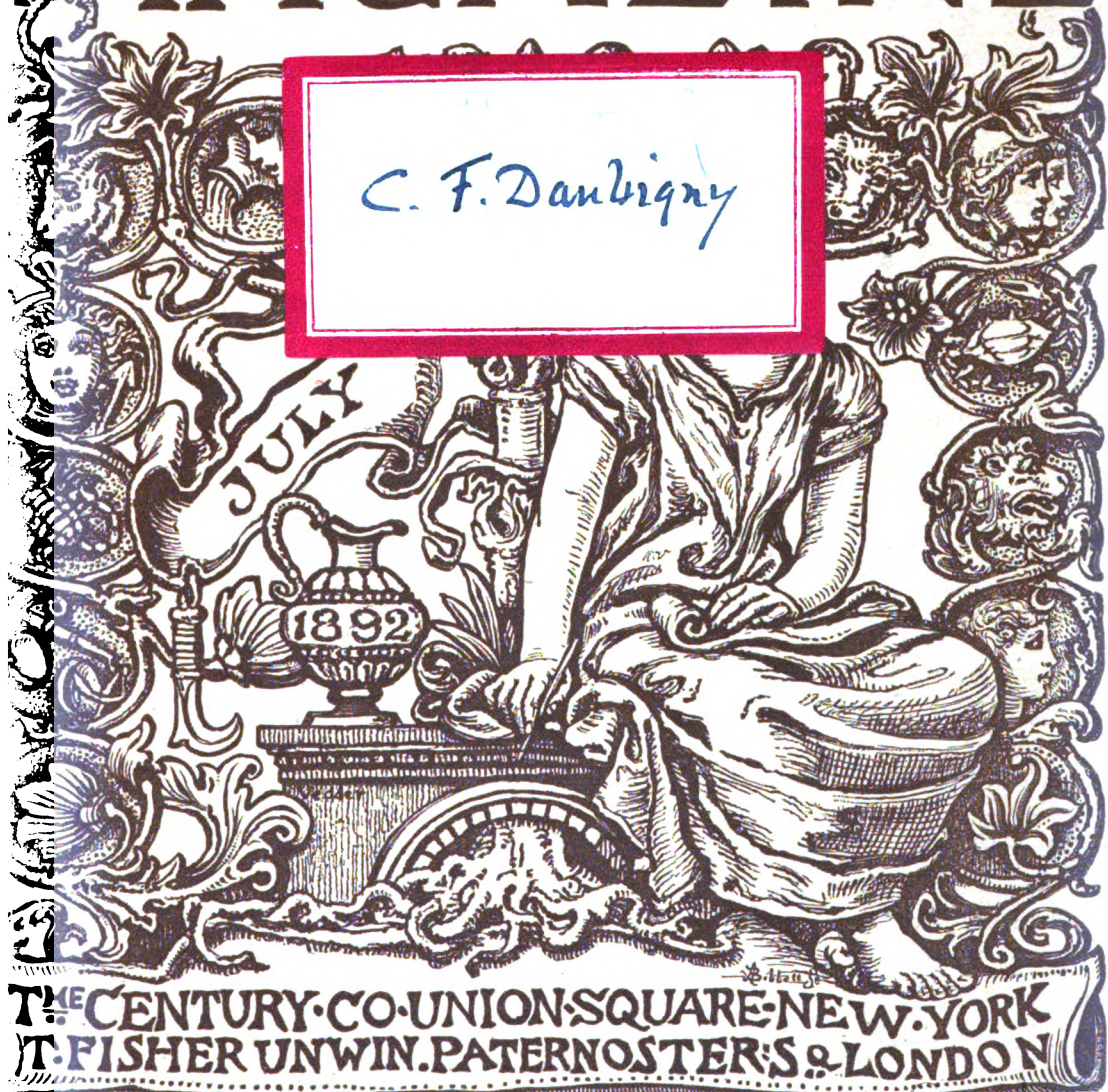
JULY, 1892.

JUSTICE FOR
OUR MOTHERS.

Vol. 16
No. 2

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

C. F. Danbigny



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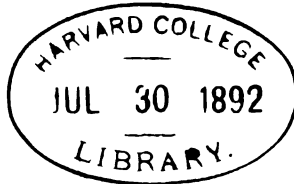


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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

DAUBIGNY IN HIS STUDIO.

C Daubigny.



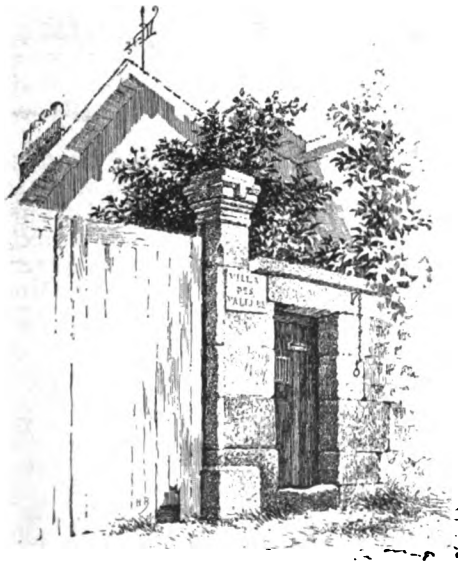
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1892.

No. 3.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.



DRAWN BY MORAOE BRADLEY.

ENTRANCE TO DAUBIGNY'S HOUSE AT AUVERS.

AMONG the landscape-painters of France who by strong and beautiful rendering of natural truth have in our century made their art classic, Charles-François Daubigny holds a high and distinguished place. When he came, Constable and Bonington of England, and Jules Dupré, Huet, Rousseau, Diaz, and Corot in France, had already led the van and won their first bat-

tles against the stubborn resistance offered by the then reigning pseudo-classic school, whose art, with its dry conventions and pedagogic forms, had drifted so far away from nature. He advanced on his predecessors, however, by leaving behind their more romantic mannerisms, and carrying his art still farther into the domain of reality. Yet he never became commonplace or uninteresting. An artist in the true sense of the word, he imbued all that he painted with a distinct and personal charm.

We readily associate the names of Corot and Daubigny, and with reason. Notwithstanding the twenty years' seniority of the former artist, they were intimate friends, sharing many similar aspirations in art, while each still preserved his distinct individuality. Corot was more subjective, tingeing his works with his own peculiar poetic fancy. Daubigny, on the other hand, gave himself up more to the impression of the moment, endeavoring to express the local qualities of form and color in all their brilliancy and freshness. He did not reach perfection of style at the beginning of his career, but through most devoted study, guided by the native strength and originality of his views; nor did this high epoch of landscape-art come hastily or accidentally, but was made possible by the united efforts of many men and minds working together during the first half of our century. Therefore, in tracing the life of Daubigny, we shall likewise be following the gradual development through which art in France passed to its crowning results. He was born at Paris on February 15, 1817. As a child he played

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ENGRAVED BY T. M. HEARD.

BOY'S HEAD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)¹

with pencils and paints, and painting in his case was more or less hereditary. Daubigny was a weakly baby, literally passing the first few months of his life in cotton batting; and as soon as possible he was placed "*en nourrice*" in the country at Valmondois, where he spent some years, gathering in the open fields and woods physical strength and a love of nature at the same time. The early death of his mother and the remarriage of his father left him almost entirely to his own guidance, and he never received a very thorough school education.

Thrown upon his own resources at fifteen, he made up by practical work what might be lacking in university culture, and immediately began the beloved occupation of his life. All sorts of odd jobs fell under his hand, from the painting of picture-clocks to the making of illustrations and decorations of various sorts, useful in a commercial way. At seventeen he was his own master, and was studying seriously with a view to higher art. One idea had always haunted him, to see Italy. It was the usual pilgrimage for young painters of that day. A friend, Mignan, shared this desire, and arranged to accompany him. For the accumulation of the necessary funds they made a hole in the wall of their garret, and here, sou by sou and franc by franc, gained in all sorts of work, they gradually amassed in about a year what they deemed to be sufficient. One day, at the suggestion of Daubigny, the wall was broken into, and out came some fourteen hundred francs in various kinds of coin. A few days after, with

packs on their backs, sticks in hand, and with stout boots, they started to make the journey on foot. We can imagine how the perspectives that opened must have intoxicated these ardent young souls. They passed Lyons, and entered the more tropical vegetation of the South; then between the Rhone and the Alps they marched on to enter Italy. They visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, drawing the monuments and visiting the museums as they passed, studying the marvels of that fatherland of art. Many were the material privations they suffered in order to prolong the stay, sacrifices willingly made to the love of their art; but after some eleven months, Mignan, who had left his *fiancée* behind him, began to grow homesick, and back they started. It was probably well that they did, for they had only two louis left when they reached Troyes. Old friends came on from Paris to meet them, and the remainder of the journey was a series of *fêtes*.

This Italian visit does not seem to have much affected the art of Daubigny; his works of this period are excessive in their devotion to detail, suffering, indeed, from his over-conscientiousness when before nature. He admired at this time, also, the works of Charles de Laberge, an artist who treated nature from an almost microscopic point of view. Among the studies that he brought back from Italy, when the accumulated treasures of the trip were spread out for the admiration of friends, was one of a thistle, most carefully worked out in all its details and remarkable for its truth. His friend Geffroy-Dechaume, the sculptor, remarked on seeing it: "What was the need of going to Rome to do that? You might have found it at Montmartre." Among these friends were Meis-

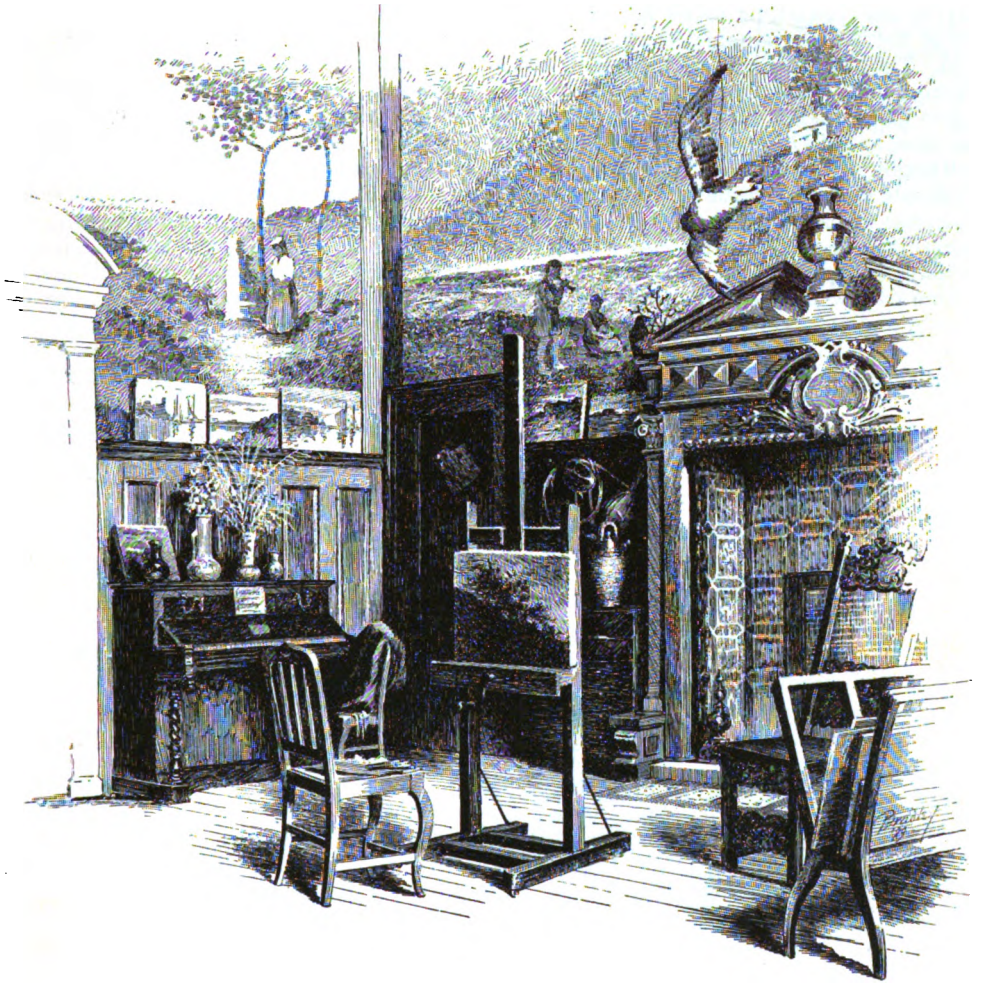


DRAWN BY H. BRADLEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

¹ The reproductions in this article from Daubigny's sketch-book are made by permission of Mrs. Daubigny.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

A CORNER IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

sonier, Daumier the celebrated caricaturist, Steinheil the designer, Trimolet, who afterward married Daubigny's sister, and others. They had arranged to live together and mutually to help one another to succeed, keeping house in the Rue des Amandiers-Popincourt. A simple life, earnest work, and joyous recreation was their program, and Daubigny was not the least gay among them. He cheerfully accepted any work Providence might choose to send him, drawings on lithographic stone, in pen and ink, bill-heads, prospectuses, and worked, too, for some time in the atelier of restorations at the Louvre, under Granet.

All of the brotherhood gave their spare time to study, and each year, in turn, one prepared a serious work for exhibition at the expense of the rest. Daubigny had made his début in the Salon of 1838 with a "View of Notre Dame and the Isle St. Louis," and when his

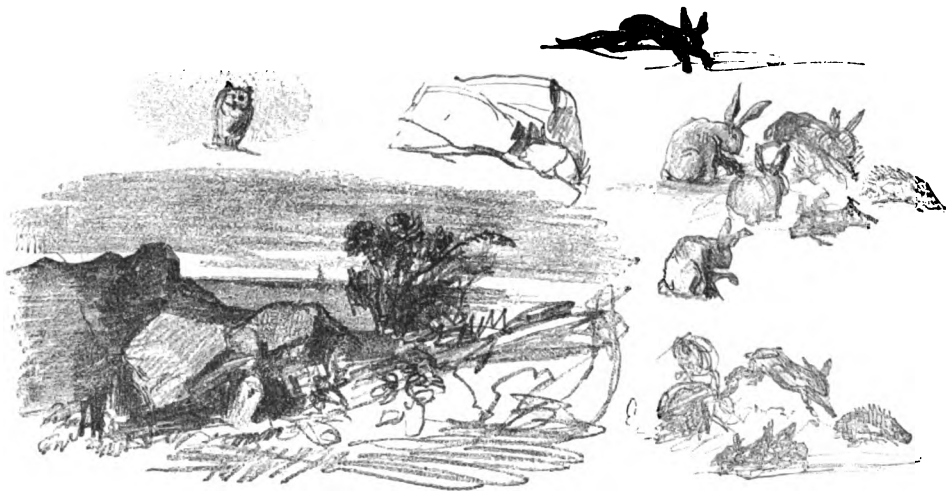
turn again came he wished to do something of more importance. He painted "St. Jerome in the Desert," and sent it to the Salon of 1840. The landscape of this composition is a souvenir of the mountains of Isère; amid the rugged hills, under an evening sky, St. Jerome is seen kneeling in prayer. There is a flavor of Poussin and Salvator Rosa about it, showing that Daubigny still held on to so-called classic traditions. It was at this time, his picture having been favorably received, that he thought of trying for the Prix de Rome, and with that intention entered the École des Beaux-Arts under Paul Delaroche. At the opening of the *concours* there was much hope of his getting the prize, and such probably would have been the case, had he not in his heedlessness failed to fulfil all the necessary formalities. He neglected to be present at a certain hour, going off instead to breakfast

with his friend Feuchères at Vincennes. Next day, to his chagrin, he found himself thrown out of the competition, and there was no appeal. Thus he failed to go to Rome, which seeming misfortune may have proved a blessing to the art world. He much regretted it at the time, as did Delaroche also, who said that "all might yet be repaired," and that "after this he should come to the studio without paying." The prize for landscape was given but once in four years; he soon became weary of so long a delay, and gave up the studio.

One day he went out sketching with some friends, and the real world seemed suddenly to impress him most forcibly. All the false, artificial productions of the schools seemed to vanish before the living beauties of the opening spring. Thenceforward he resolved that

He went generally by preference toward Valmondois, Auvers, or Isle-Adam, on the banks of the Oise, some twenty miles or more north of Paris. It was at the first village that he spent the early years of his life, in charge of the good Mère Bazot, his old nurse, and he always retained a deep affection for the vicinity. He immortalized Mère Bazot's cottage in one of his first etchings, "The Village Wedding," where it appears among some trees to the right, and again in one of his last Salon pictures, in 1874, painted when the good old woman had long since passed away, and the master himself was nearing the end of his journey.

After his début in 1838, and the "St. Jerome" of 1840, we find him continuously represented at the Salons, excepting those of 1842-46. He often suffered from the restrictions of



ENGRAVED BY A. WALSLEY.

LANDSCAPE AND RABBITS. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

Nature, and she alone, should be his guide. He wished to spend all his time with her, and setting up his easel under the open sky, exploring by-paths and glens, riversides, woods, and meadows, to paint all that charmed him. But, marrying about this time, family cares and necessities engrossed much of his attention, and he was obliged to redouble his energies in order to cope with them. A less strong character would have sunk under duties that only added force to a nature so well tempered as his. Rarely a volume passed from the principal publishers of Paris that did not contain illustrations from his hand. He worked steadily both day and evening, often burning the midnight oil, and when the week's work was done he would start off in the night with his friend Geffroy-Dechaume, so that all the next day might be spent amid the delights of the open country.

the Academic jury, as did his contemporaries Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and others; but he bore his reverses bravely, almost gaily, and, assuring his daily bread by constant practical work, went cheerfully on. About the year 1848 a little inheritance fell to him, and he was able to take a trip into the Dauphiné and Morvan, whence he brought back a number of interesting and delicate studies, six of which he exhibited in the Salon of 1848, and was awarded a second medal. Thus encouraged, from this period he begins to take an important position. At the Salon of 1850-51 he exhibited "The Washerwomen of the River Oullins," "The Willows," "Boat on the River Oise," and "The Vintage," all of which created a veritable sensation among artists and connoisseurs. Daubigny was now a declared master. The following year brought forth "The Har-

vest," which also received much applause for its vigorous composition and effect. The busy movement of harvest, the wheat-fields, the reapers, the binders, the carrying in and building of stacks, were all given with a powerful outdoor feeling and brilliant quality. Here and there the painter had increased its vigor by laying on color broadly with the palette-knife, and some critics of the day thought the draw-

silence, and the valley, welcoming you as its guest, takes up again under your very eye its mysterious work. It is this effect, these colors and harmonies, that M. Daubigny has rendered in "The Lake of Gylieu." The limpidity of the water, the lightness and *finesse* of the sky, the freshness of the air, are indescribable. One breathes in this picture while looking at it, and there escapes I know not what intoxicating aroma of wet foliage. The truth of the second picture,



ENGRAVED BY M. ACSTER.

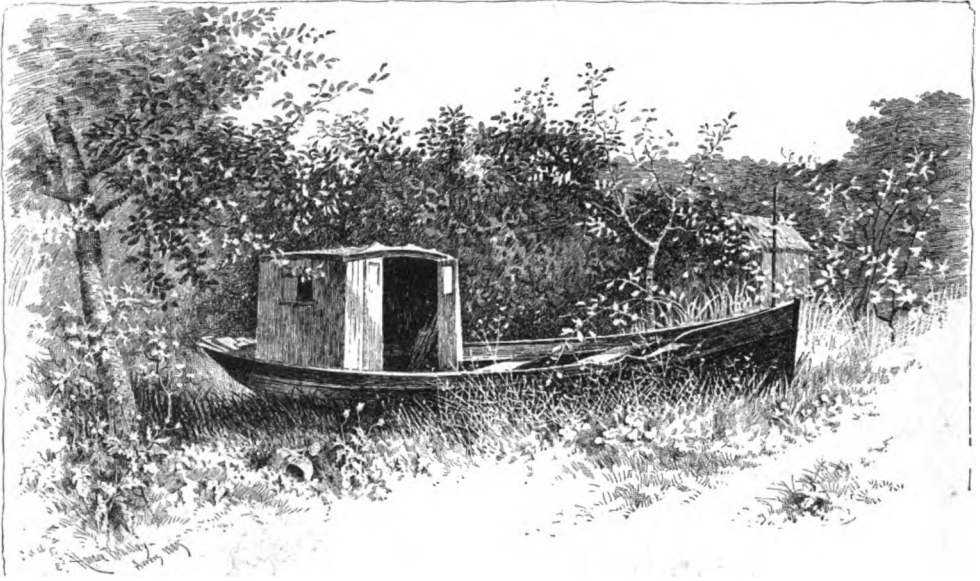
WOMEN IN THE FIELD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

ing of details rather sacrificed to the unity of impression, which latter quality Daubigny always considered, and properly too, of primary importance. The following year "The Lake of Gylieu," "The Valley of Optevoz," and the "Entry of the Village" satisfied the most exacting, and gained their author a first-class medal. The impression produced by these works is perhaps best given in the following description by Count Clément de Ris, a critic of the time:

Have you not had it happen to you, in your explorations as a tourist, to see opening before you, under your very feet, a break in the ground, a little valley, calm in repose, and full of elegant and tranquil forms of discreet, harmonious colors, of shadows and softened lights, bordered by hillsides with advancing and retiring crests, and where no step seems to have troubled the poetic silence? A lake, placed there like a mirror, reflects its image, and carries on its brink sheaves of rushes, coltsfoot, reeds, water-strawberries, white and yellow lilies, among which swarm a humming world of gnats and insects. At your approach some stork occupied in arranging its plumage flies off snapping its beak; a snipe runs away piping its little cry; then all falls again into

"The Valley of Optevoz," is felt even more. The eye rests on every part with pleasure, and floats undecided between the sapphire of the sky and the velvet of the vegetation. One seems to smell the clover and hay, to hear the hum of the insects, and catch the sparkling of the light over the wheat-fields.

Amid the mass of work exhibited by the official masters of the day at the Universal Exposition of 1855, the pictures of Daubigny were somewhat pushed out of place, but among them was "The Sluice of Optevoz," afterward at the Luxembourg, having been bought by the Government. The jury, too, does not seem to have been very generous, awarding him only a third-class medal. "The Springtime," and "The Valley of Optevoz," exhibited in the Salon of 1857, marked the highest degree of perfection he had yet attained, and gained him a first-class medal for the second time. Any one who has seen "The Springtime," formerly in the Luxembourg and now at the Louvre, must appreciate its merit. Under a sky where the light, vaporous clouds of spring relieve themselves on delicate atmospheric azure spreads out a fresh, green landscape. The ground rises gently



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO-BOAT AT AUVERS.

to the right, covered with growing wheat-fields, while to the left an orchard in full bloom relieves its pink blossoms against a woody grove, and, higher still, against the sky. Birds sing their songs of joy from the topmost branches, and everything expresses the season when nature is budding into the fullness of new life. Near the foreground, on a path leading through the fields, comes a peasant woman seated on a donkey, while farther back two lovers are seen almost hidden by the grain. Both in sentiment and execution this picture is all that one could desire, filled with a fresh poetic beauty, vigorously and frankly expressed. In it the real and the ideal unite under the sure and delicate hand of a master, and one feels that this is great and classic art, which can well stand by the side of any works the past has given us. "The Valley of Oitevoz" was also a landscape of noble quali-

ties, and was bought by the Emperor Napoleon III. At the Salon of 1859 were seen "The Graves of Villerville" and "The Banks of the Oise," both of which had a great success, the latter picture being especially desired by connoisseurs; but it was already possessed by a M. Nadar, who afterward sold it to the museum of Bordeaux. On July 15 of the same year Daubigny was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the state favored him with two important decorative orders for the palace of the Louvre; two panels, "Deer" and "Hérons," for the Department of State, and in the following year with "The Ancient Pavilion of Flora" and the "Grand Basin of the Tuileries Gardens" for the staircase of the same department.

The success of "The Banks of the Oise" caused him to reproduce the subject several times, and as a demand seemed to grow for



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

UTENSILS USED BY DAUBIGNY ON HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

subjects of a like kind, with which his temperament was fully in sympathy, Daubigny prepared himself to satisfy it. He wished to be free from following on foot the banks of rivers, to be independent of hotels, to be on hand at sunrise and sunset, when the effects were most enchanting, and to move about stream at will. With

material cares, living close to nature, he produced those marvelous studies of river life by which he is perhaps most widely known. Besides the accomplishment of much serious work, there was a gay and amusing side to these voyages, which Daubigny noted in a series of etchings in memory of the *Botin*, done first to amuse



Daubigny

DAUBIGNY AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

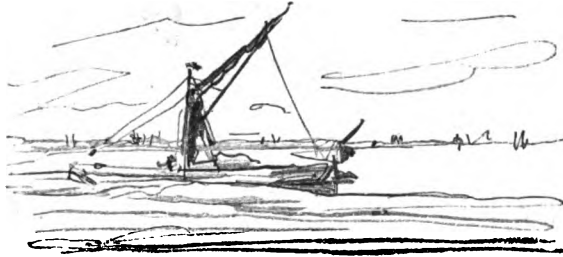
this desire he went to see his friend Baillet the boat-builder at Asnières, and explained his project. "Hold!" said Baillet, "I have just what you want, a boat intended to be used for a ferry." Daubigny, who was accompanied by his son Karl, looked over the boat, which was some twenty-eight feet long, six feet beam, flat-bottomed, and drew only eighteen inches of water. Baillet agreed to complete it, so that three or six rowers could be used, and a sail at will. At the stern was to be placed a cabin in pine sufficiently large to work and sleep in, with lockers on each side to contain bedding, cooking-utensils, provisions, and artist's materials. Thus equipped, with a plentiful supply of provisions on board, and accompanied by his son Karl, other pupils, or a chance friend, Daubigny made extensive voyages on the *Botin*—for so was this curious little craft christened by an impudent rustic—along the Oise, Seine, Marne, and adjoining rivers. Here, freed from

his family and friends, and afterward published. Often did the rustics at the villages where they stopped take them for gipsies, fortune-tellers, or quack-doctors; but they were not long in gaining the good will of these country-people, who had never before seen a like craft or crew. Corot was the "Grand Admiral Honoraire," but took no part in the voyages. Yet the gay old "*père*" was often present at the starting-out dinners and on the completion of a trip, when good things both in art and edibles were plentiful, and his joyous nature had full play. An intimate and familiar friend, he designed the decorations of Daubigny's studio when the latter built his country-house at Auvers, about the time that the *Botin* made her appearance. Oudinot, who was the architect, also assisted in the decoration, reproducing a lovely Italian scene, after Corot's "*Maquette*," along the largest side of the studio, while Daubigny and his son Karl laid in the studies at each end.

These prove how extremely decorative and poetic Corot's designs appear on a large scale. The "Villa des Vallées," as it was named, is still preserved carefully by the widows of Daubigny and his son Karl,¹ two most amiable ladies, and is a worthy monument to the spirit of the builder. Out in the garden, drawn up under the apple-trees, and overrun with grass and vines, rests the *Botin*, now serving as a sort of summer-house, and sadly recalling in its loneliness the departed masters. For several years the writer has lived near by, and one summer occupied the larger studio, thus becoming a more careful student of the genius of Daubigny. Many and famous were the guests of this hospitable house in the old days; Millet and Rousseau were among the number. One likes to think of these men, simple in habit, but great in thought and deed, meeting around a common board and discussing the burning questions of the art-world of their day.

Here, too, removed from the interruptions and feverish life of Paris, in the heart of a picturesque country to which he was bound by

door interpretation. "The Sheepfold" and the "Moonrise" of the Salon of 1861 were the first examples of this new departure, and although they possessed much poetic feeling, the public, who had been used to the more vigorous interpretations of his brush, could not recognize their old favorite in the more hesitating technic consequent on a change of style. He soon regained his place in their hearts, however, by such works as "The Morning" and "The Banks of the Oise at Auvers" in the Salon of 1863, "The Château and Park of St. Cloud" in 1865, "The Banks of the Oise, near Bonneville," of 1866, "The Meadows of the Graves at Villerville" in 1870, the pictures called "Moonrise" of 1865 and 1868, and "The Pond in the Morvan" of 1869. Several of these pictures were reëxhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1867, gaining their author another first-class medal. At the Universal Exposition of Vienna, in 1873, Daubigny did much to sustain the honor of French art by such works as the "Moonrise" from the Salon of 1868, and "The Beach of Villerville at Sunset," in which



ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

A BARGE. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

associations reaching back to his infancy, Daubigny felt able to attempt the production of several works that he had for a long time meditated. Having succeeded in painting effects that would, as it were, wait to be painted, noting down living truths in the daylight and the fresh open air, he wished to record his impressions of those most beautiful but more delicate effects which last for so short a time that their realization must be the result of careful thought and patient creative labor, rather than of direct out-

both deep sentiment and great science unite. The first-named marks perhaps the highest point he ever reached in rendering the mysterious poetry of twilight, the hour when the moon takes the throne of the heavens, and tired man and beast go to their well-earned rest.

These works gained him a promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor. Then came "The Fields in June," full of brilliant scarlet poppies, and "The House of Mère Bazot," his old nurse, in 1874.

¹ Charles-Pierre Daubigny, called Karl to distinguish him from his father, was born in 1846. Always at his father's side, he soon developed a taste for painting, which in the strong art-atmosphere in which he grew up was not long in becoming skill. To the Salon of 1863 he sent two landscapes done at Auvers. He was then only seventeen, but this precocious success did not prevent his continuing to study assiduously. Not wishing to follow exactly in the same line with his father, he felt that it would be best to attempt subjects where figures would have the chief interest, and, always having possessed a taste for the sea, he spent several seasons along the Brittany and Normandy coasts. "The Winers of Kéryty-Finistère" in the Salon of 1868 gained

him a medal. "The Plateau of Belle-Croix, Forest of Fontainebleau," gained him yet another, and is now owned by the museum of Bordeaux. He was then only twenty-two years old. He continued his work, constantly striving to improve, and every succeeding Salon found him in the line of progress. Fishing-life, and the rustic surroundings of Auvers, mostly occupied his brush, and he had attained an eminent position when a rapid consumption, the result of a boat accident, suddenly carried him off in 1886, at the age of forty. Several of his works were bought by the Government, and were placed in the national museums. The future would in all probability have brought him still greater successes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

DAUBIGNY, ABOUT 1865.



BY PERMISSION OF F. H. FULLER.

"THE CLIFFS AT VILLERVILLE."

ENGRAVED BY E. KIMBLEY.

It was at this time that the master's health began to fail. Exposure to all sorts of weather, absorbing the miasmatic vapors of morning and evening on the rivers, had no doubt told severely upon his sensitive and delicate temperament, and renewed attacks of asthmatic gout cut seriously into his painting time. He did not appear at the Salon of 1875; it was his first absence since 1848. In 1876, however, he sent "The Orchard," an immense canvas, some ten feet in length, depicting the time when apples are ripe, and are gathered under the changeful sky of breezy October. The whole effect was that of a "symphony in green," relieved here and there by the richly colored fruit, and touches of flowers among the grasses. The summer of 1876 was spent on the Normandy coast at Dieppe, and he there made a number of studies, among them a "View of Dieppe," which appeared in the Salon of 1877. With it he sent another "Moonrise," contrasting in its tender poetry with the vigor of the first-named picture, which he had completed in two sittings, one for the drawing and another for the painting. His malady gained fast upon him, however, and a hypertrophy of the heart suddenly carried him off on February 19, 1878, just as he had completed the sixty-first year of his age.

We have not spoken of his etchings and illustrations. He was one of the revivers of the former art, and the many powerful plates that he left testify to his power with the needle, both as a means of expressing new ideas, or in re-

producing his best work. Whether on copper or canvas, he always treated his subject in the same broad, masterly manner, keeping the means subservient to the end pursued, and no artist has left work showing wider range or versatility. His works record the beauty of his own country, for while he visited Italy in his youth, England in 1866 and 1870, Spain in company with Henri Regnault in 1868, and Holland, which he describes "as blond as the women of Rubens," in 1871, he does not seem to have found in these places the inspiration for his greatest pictures.

In appearance he was of medium height, his complexion inclining toward olive, with dark hair and eyes, a strongly set head and forehead, well filled in its reflective and perceptive portions, and of an open, sympathetic expression, indicating much *bonhomie*, and at the same time great penetration and power to discriminate. In manner he was genial, modest, and entirely without assumption, giving his counsels more as a comrade than as a master; his advice having weight from its intrinsic worth, rather than from any manner of imparting it. His whole nature was childlike in its impulsive directness. He never kept systematic account of his works or progress: it was his to do the work; others might reckon up and classify. His methods were extremely simple. He usually prepared his own canvases, and continued this practice long after a world-wide reputation would make it appear

to be anything but an economical use of his time. He would begin a picture by sketching in a few broad traits with charcoal or brush, and then lay in his masses freely, keeping the colors from the start clear, rich, and pure. The palette-knife played an important part in covering large surfaces, which he afterward worked into form and detail with the brush. For smaller pictures and his river studies he preferred panels of oak and mahogany, first coated with a priming of neutral gray. He was one of the first painters to begin and complete large canvases out of doors. He would fasten them in place with stout stakes, working with fury when the effect was propitious, often leaving them in the open fields during the intervals to the mercy of wind, weather, cows, and small boys. The truths he sought were of far more vital importance than surface polish, and this direct outdoor work, guided by his artist's instinct, gave to his pictures great freshness of execution, as well as an added interest from the point of view of composition and sentiment.

He painted as freely as a bird sings. His joyous, emotional temperament rarely looked at life and art with the deep melancholy view of Millet. Perhaps we find more of the joy of springtime in his earlier works, and later on come the "moonrises" and "twilights," when life's cares had awakened in his heart a deeper sympathy with the tender mysteries of eve and night. He never philosophized much about art or reduced his ideas to literary form. A lack of early education had left him ignorant of books in general, and his work gave him but little time to study them afterward, had he so desired. This, however, may have made him more purely a painter, thinking always in form and color, free from any foreign preoccupation whatever, content to express the joy he felt in nature just as he received it. "What does it matter?" he would say. "There are always people who are paid to know all one has need of, without counting the dictionaries." And so he did not stop painting to read. Particularly did he enjoy the society of his chosen comrades, and no social pleasure could compare with a quiet evening at home, or with friends, discussing art. He loved his house and home, and was his children's best playmate. Seldom was the table without guests, and here his kindly humor made every one feel happy. Whether at the Emperor's reception or in a laborer's cottage, a like politeness was extended to all, and the peasants of Auvers remember him with respect and affection. They might not fully have understood his pictures or their importance to the art-world, but they felt his fine personality and genuine interest in their life and work. When he was painting "The Island of the Valleys at Auvers," just after having con-

cluded the purchase of the property on which he built his studio, he amused himself by telling them, "This picture is to pay for my house," and it was sold for thirty-five thousand francs. If a French peasant understands anything it is the value of a sou, and this immense amount to the rustic minds gave them forever afterward great respect for painters and painting.

"Ah," said to me Ferdinand Guilpin, his old gardener, "he was a good, kind man, M. Daubigny; the goodness of such people cannot be told. And M. Corot, too, he used to put on his blouse, light his pipe, and sit down to paint in the middle of the road like any workman. He had a merry word for all who passed, and was a rare good fellow. Those were the times when 'les vallées' were full of life. Monsieur Daubigny would go off on the plain in the early morning, work an hour or two, and then start for the river. Sometimes he would come to draw my donkey, or have some rabbits let loose in the kitchen here to sketch from. I always attended to his garden, in which he was very much interested, and it was a great loss to me when he died. Such times will never come again." Then *Mère Sophie*, his good wife, chimed in: "And don't I remember how we took the Prussians in here during the war to keep them from spoiling M. Daubigny's house. I had the keys, and knew he would not like the place being ransacked, so I stowed them all away here. It was only for a few days, but when monsieur came he made me a very handsome present; and M. Karl, poor child, who was in the National Guard during the siege of Paris, when at last he was dismissed from service, ran straight across the country here, in the night, without stopping. I was out in the yard in the early morning, and when he arrived he called out, '*Jardinière, jardinière*, some milk, give me some milk!' He was terribly thin and worn, and I thought he would never stop drinking. Then he went into the house, threw himself on a bed just as he was, and slept for twenty-four hours."

And so the old folks, seated at each side of the big open fireplace on a Sunday afternoon, when Ferdinand has lighted his pipe after having shaved, will gossip on, lingering with regret over the eventful days of the past.

Daubigny never hesitated if his impulses carried him toward new experiments. He boldly undertook them, regardless of profit or loss. When death came it found him still occupied with new problems, and several large unfinished canvases make one regret that the master's hand should have been stayed so soon. But as he himself said, "One is never reasonable; like La Fontaine's wood-cutter, we never wish to be making the last fagot." In his frank, extemporaneous way of working he seemed to



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

“THE SETTING SUN.”

BY PERMISSION OF F. L. AMES.

have set himself free from all schools and influences, yet the early lessons learned from Poussin, Ruysdael, Claude Lorrain, and during his visit to Italy, always remained with him, and gave an elevation and largeness to his own fine, innate sense of composition. Perhaps no landscapist ever enjoyed the velvety richness of vegetation more than he, and he never failed to carry his greens up to the key of nature. A less refined painter would have gone beyond, into crudity; but while attempting the greatest possible brilliancy, he always stopped at the right place. Nature, seen through his eye, was never crude; and after all, is it not the eye that determines all differences of quality in painting? There is no absolute truth; we each see and do as our organization permits, and a universal standard of judgment decides what is best.

Daubigny brought into landscape-art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means. He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottos, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self. His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding intelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found his ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daubigny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution, as the motive itself differs. The great amount of illustrating done in his earlier days had much humanized his art, and he dropped in figures and animals here and there most happily, not always drawn with academic precision, but full of life and movement, taking their proper place in the effect of the whole. There are drawings by him that show he could refine as well as any when he chose; but he valued life and move-

ment more than photographic precision, and these he always obtained. There was a rude vigor in his technic, tempered by great delicacy in the perception of tones and tints, that adds interest by its very antithesis. He did not reach results by feeling after them so much as by grasping his subject firmly and by painting it at once. His entire freedom from false pride and personal vanity is vividly shown in the following anecdotes:

"Come," said he one day to a friend, "I am going to paint the *Botin*." The friend followed to see the production, as he thought, of another masterly sketch, and was much surprised, on arriving at the river, to see Daubigny arm himself with brush and paint-pot and lay in vigorously on the side of his beloved boat. It had not occurred to him, with his usual habit of self-help, that the village house-painter's time would be less valuable. At another time, in July, 1874, just after his promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor, he had come up to Paris to pay the usual visit to the Minister of Fine Arts. Returning to his home on the Boulevard Clichy, in full dress of black with white necktie, he was met by Vollon, who demanded:

"What are you doing here, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade?"

"A duty visit; but I am off again to-morrow," replied Daubigny.

"Then you are alone?"

"Yes."

"Come to dinner at my house."

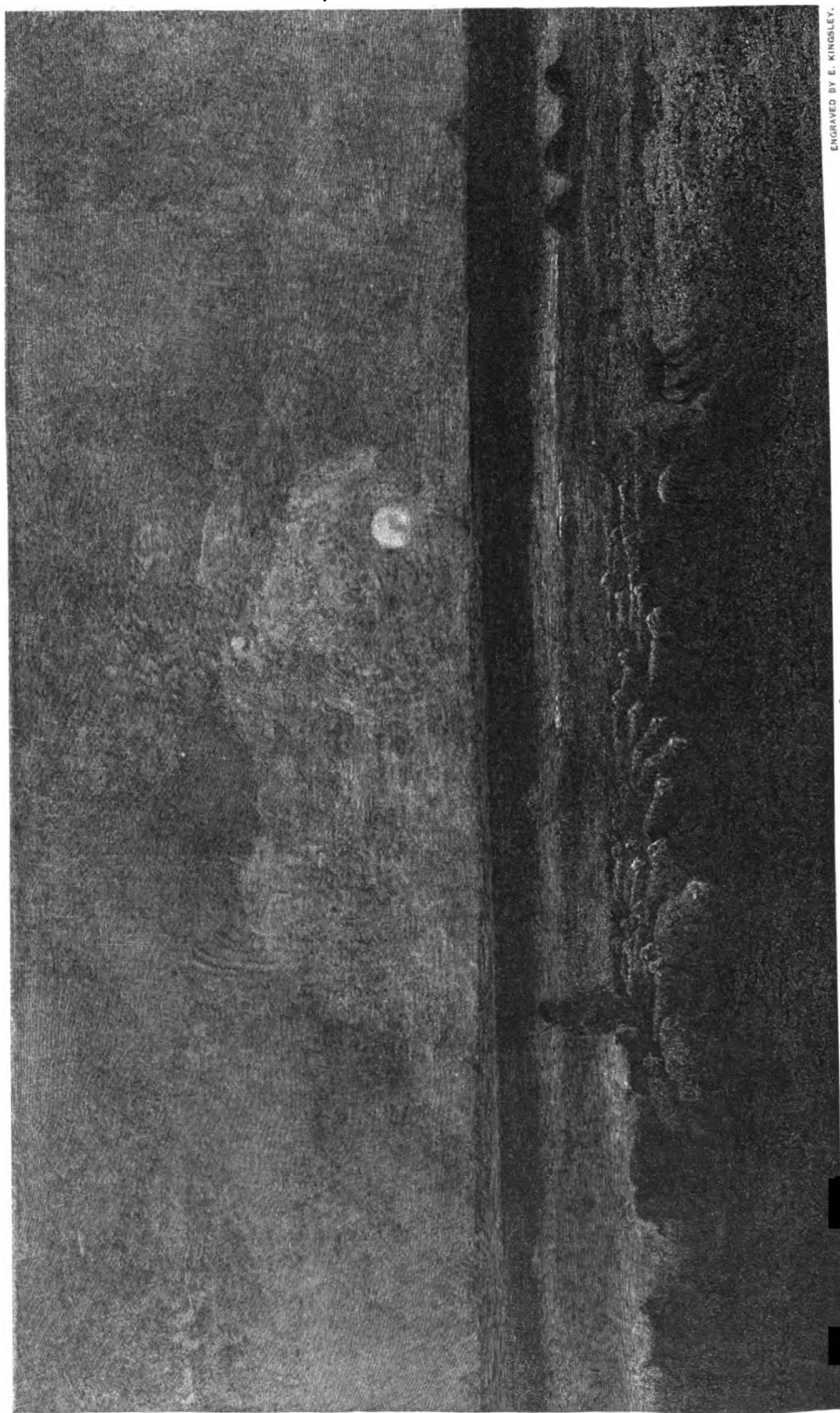
"Willingly," and arm in arm they walked over to Vollon's.

"But, now I come to think of it," said Vollon, "my wife is also in the country, so we must turn housekeepers, and prepare our dinner."

Off they went to the baker's, grocer's, wine-merchant's, and roasting-shop, soon reappearing, Daubigny with a loaf of bread under one arm, a bottle of wine under the other, and with papers of pepper and salt sticking out of each pocket, while Vollon, with a view to saving the new officer's broadcloth, took charge of the turkey and other fatty purchases.

Some extracts from letters to his friend Henriet also give clear glimpses of the inner man. In 1860 he writes:

I have bought at Auvers thirty perches of land, all covered with beans, on which I shall plant some legs of mutton when you come to see me. They are building me a studio there, some eight by six meters, with several rooms around it, which will serve me, I hope, next spring. The *Père* Corot has found Auvers very fine, and has engaged me to fix myself there for a part of the year, wishing to make rustic landscapes with figures. I shall be truly well off there, in the midst of a good little farming country, where the ploughs do not yet go by steam.



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGLEY.

"A FLOCK OF SHEEP."

BY PERMISSION OF HON. G. A. DRUMMOND.

Again, in 1872, he writes after his return from a visit to Cauterets, taken in the interest of his health.

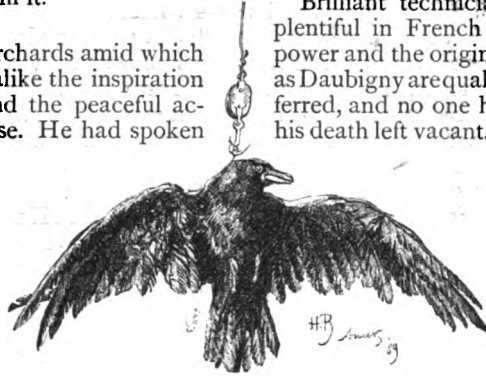
I was not able to work in the several excursions and ascensions made in the neighborhood, where it was very beautiful. One is so surprised by these grand aspects that it would be necessary to remain a long time before finding the interpretation capable of rendering them. I am going to finish the season at Auvers. There is nothing like one's natural every-day surroundings where one really takes pleasure. The pictures we do then feel the effect of our home-life, and the sweet sensations we experience in it.

Thus the fields and orchards amid which he opened his life were alike the inspiration of his noblest works, and the peaceful accompaniments of its close. He had spoken

of being laid away at Auvers, but it was especially desired that he should go to Père-la-Chaise. The services were held at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, February 21, 1878, amid a large following of his friends, pupils, and admirers. Geffroy-Dechaume, Steinheil, Lavielle, and Villon were pall-bearers. In finishing his discourse at the cemetery, the Marquis de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, said, after referring to Daubigny's forerunners: "Of those whom I have named, Daubigny came the last, but was neither the least convinced, the least in love with nature, nor the least sincere."

Brilliant technicians have been and are plentiful in French art, but the intellectual power and the original force of such a painter as Daubigny are qualities that cannot be transferred, and no one has since filled the place his death left vacant.

Robert J. Wickenden.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

RAVEN WHICH HUNG IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO.

OUTBOUND.

A LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

Bliss Carman.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XIX.



ST. CLAIR'S tea was postponed, and as the weeks ran by I often saw Miss Leigh at Mrs. Vincent's, and now and then at her own house. No more was said by me as to her plans. I less and less liked the subject, and when she approached it I merely put the matter aside, saying that it was too late to consider it this year because the college courses were half over, and would she let it rest for a time? But at last Mrs. Leigh, who was irrepressible, urged me to speak again to her daughter, and, seeing that it was as well to make an end of it, I put her off until I could talk once more with Mrs. Vincent.

I learned, of course, that Miss Leigh's plan for a fresh departure in life had become widely known through her mother's freedom of talk, and I did what I could to contradict the gossip. Yet, somehow, the thing haunted me. I seemed to see this handsome, high-minded girl with her exquisite neatness and delicacies of sentiment and manner amidst the scenes and work which belong to the life of the student of medicine. And was I not also a man essentially refined and sensitive? Had it hurt me? I knew it had not. But it is terribly true that a man may do and be that which is for him inconsistent with his ideal of the highest type of womanhood. He may puzzle himself mad with the logic of the thing, and be beaten utterly by its poetry.

At last I found leisure to see Mrs. Vincent. "Do not forget St. Clair's tea," she said; "and come early. It will be amusing. I really made him do it. And the Leighs. Mrs. Leigh told me of your talk. Do you like her?"

"Yes and no. May I speak? She did seem to me hard and—"

"Oh, only in talk. If one has any real trouble, she is angelic. She likes you. But, then, she likes success, as I do. Yes, strange as it may seem to you, she would make an admirable mother-in-law."

"I should be pitiful of the man," said I.

"No. If he were morally weak she would rule him for his good, because in all worldly

ways, and in business matters, no one is more shrewd; and if he were a man of eminence and force, she would give up once for all. She has no real fight in her, none at all."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may laugh."

"I only smiled."

"Yes, I know." And she set her large eyes on me watchfully. "Now, suppose by any chance our friend St. Clair were to lose his heart to my friend Miss Alice?"

"Impossible."

"Not at all. He comes here every day to talk about her. Now, with Alice's good sense and efficiency, and her mother's—"

"Pardon me, what?"

"Oh, her mother's desire to settle Alice, and then Alice's fortune. Now do you not see how very wise a thing it would be?"

"Are you jesting?" I said seriously.

"I? Not at all. I lent Alice his last book, and she is delighted with it. Yesterday she quoted the whole of that poem of his about the storm. If he could only hear her recite it, I—I fancy he would propose on the spot."

"May I be there to see!"

"And he is so handsome," she returned.

"The dear fellow would make any woman hopelessly wretched in a year. If I were you (if you are in earnest, which I doubt a little), I would meddle no more with this matter. I never thought you less reasonable."

"And I think I have annoyed you. Why, I cannot quite see. Am I forgiven?"

"What is there to forgive? Let us talk about the doctor matter. I told her what I thought."

"All?"

"No; not all. There are things one cannot discuss fully. But I said I did not believe it was best either for the sick or for society for women to be doctors; that, personally, women lose something of the natural charm of their sex in giving themselves either to this or to the other avocations until now in sole possession of man."

"And I am to think that you mean what you have last said?"

"Yes; most honestly."

"My own mind is hardly clear about it. At all events, it would not trouble Alice Leigh. At least, I don't think it would."

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